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JAMES GORDON BENNETT,  
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Broadway.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—The newspaper circulation of the Herald, both in town and country, make it a superior channel for advertisements.

FOR TWELVE LINES, OR LESS.

day, \$2 50  
2 days, \$2 75  
3 days, \$3 00  
4 days, \$3 25  
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#### For the Herald. Exposition,

An Acre of the Nineteenth Century.

I.

Who would have believ'd—because a woman eat  
An apple—noting but a little faint—  
And, that of her own accord, but, not  
Upon Satan's wicked self to do;  
Should be daid'n and mankind follow suite,  
Should make her unchaste—principles known  
Bart'ning principle—honor 'n to boot  
Pawing and trembling like so many slaves,  
Bold when the Lambkin bleats—scared when the Lion raves.

II.

There are each men, and "pity 'tis, tis true,"  
Ten times as vil as any man of you;  
Bad man will always get in power too;  
Base education will they ever pour  
Whilst bringing the sturni' sp'm's th'one before,  
And when the Despot speaks his firm veto  
They cry submissively "Encore! Encore!"  
Or should he rise—with gaudy flexion low  
They make their collar'd necks—a carpet for his toe.

III.

"Twas winter time—a cold and cheerless night;  
A man whose hair was vertical and grey  
Was seated in a h'use yclept "the White;"  
And on his beauteous fire burnt bright and gay,  
His lips were moving, still he did not pray,  
Nor were his thoughts of God, although quite grave.

Dark storms of anger in his bosom play

Athwart his countenance wrath flings its wave;

All! What! What disturb the good—the great—the brave?

IV.

At the same hour—down stuns the kitchen  
About a lively cheerful blazing fire  
Were seated scaldins—the old oak's litchen  
Who as they sing ram'd each his own voice high's  
To have their master hour. They desire  
He'll take for truth their laudatory shun.  
As for the song—sung by the kitchen choir  
"Twas quite idolatrous—A Pagan Psalm  
Of praises to the Lion—blessings on the Lamb.

V.

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They heard the Lion roar and thought it thunder'd.  
But still they sang about their psalm—the tune—Old haund'red.

#### THE FORTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

The royal sport for us to sing  
Of thee, oh, Mat—and Jack, oh, king;  
Recounting all by way of greens  
Old Hick'ry "A" at New Orleans.

"Tis sweet to sing of Kindred,  
The birth place of our highest cook;  
Who sets the democrats agog  
By slight of hand and pettyfog.

The only man in all creation  
Who could as well hood-wink the nation;  
Oh, our slant, we pray thee do,  
And do for God's sake b'lieve it true.

Vouchsafe in your despotic will  
With us all offices to fill,  
Upon our prayers, oh deign to smile,  
And keep us partners in the spile.

VI.

Dozzy.  
Hat, thou art best, oh Lamb,  
But Jack's the boy for Packing ham.,

VII.

Just then was heard a loud tremendous roar;  
All started to their feet agast with fright,  
With swift impetus open flew the door,  
And in the Tyrant strode with braw of night,  
His lips were livid, and his cheeks were white;  
He glanced around, and then, whilst smiling coolly,  
"Ye krav's," he cried, "who rather bark than bite,  
I understand your aim—I do most fully—  
And will repay ye for't. But unsw'r—Where's the bully?"

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Whilst ye are sitting here all at ye'ease,  
As if ye had no care upon the earth,  
One toasting shone—another barking knees,  
And all eng'd in most ungodly smit,  
Foul treason in the Senate has its birth;

'The greatest and the best,' by schemes infernal,  
Is slander'd like the vilet, lowest sort;  
Then speak ye slaves—where can I find the Col'nel?  
He shall revenge my honor—shall! By the Eternal!"

VIII.

For months old Father Time roll'd round his wheel  
The Col'nel shouted, fand'—in fact he swore it!  
His eye was fire and all his words were steel.  
Retconting all his So'reign's virtus w'er.

When interrupted—then he cou'd the more—  
With nerves most drast all their blowz were parried,  
And spitts of numbers still "he kept the floor,"

For this resolv'e all other bus'ness tarried

Till members went out, at last, the motion carried.

IX.

The old man sits within his hall, but now  
No angry passion surges in his breast,  
No indignation hovers on his brow.  
But snarl's upon his cheek serenely rest,  
Calm is his mind—"the greatest and the best."

But turn your eyes to yonder hall—then it  
Was henging insult on the nation's crest;  
Yes—the then recent, dastard Senate  
Were consummating—black ink turns red to pen it.

X.

"Twas night! and well it might be for that dead,  
Such deeds as that were better hid from light,  
Their act was darkness—darkness was their creed.  
The vile conspirators were wasting white  
An individual! Oh! 'twas a sight

To see them shrink, well knowing their pollution,  
Dunning the lustre of our banca bright,  
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Yet ne'ertheless 'twas all mere schoolor's play,  
They did not dare cross, and therefore drew  
Black lines about 'em, each and evry way,  
Making it more conspicuous to view,

And then the Col'nel flap'd his wings and crete!  
Posterly will laugh and not revere  
Him whom the Seventh Ward tell us they do;  
Our ancestors were foolish plain cloth appear."

They'll say, "They've writ upon the Journal 'This a'n't here.'

XII.

Asso from out the kitchen rose a song—  
"We now have triumph'd and the wigs are slain,  
The greatest and the best can do no wrong,  
Let 'em catch and bear along the stain,

We never shall look upon his like again,  
Till Martin's king—will pull the whigs with rigour

Then, as we prais'd the last, we'll prais his reign.

But as for Dick's—tha's a pull much bigger,

It's very hard to swallow w—w—w—we'll go the niger!"

COLD WITTALS.

Senate Chamber, Feb. 28th, 1837.

GRAHAM DISTURBANCE.—Amory Hall and its vicinity

was a scene of great excitement yesterday afternoon.

Dr. Graham had advertised a repetition of his

lecture to ladies exclusively; but, in consequence of

recent statements in some newspapers, and the circula-

tion of picardes, a very general impression was

produced that the lecture was of a grossly indecent char-

acter, and therefore a miscellaneous multitude of men and boys assembled to put down Graham; if he attempted to fulfil his purpose of lecturing.

Long before the hour appointed, the door was block-

ed up by the crowd, but about two hundred females, by

great perseverance, worked their way up stairs, where

they were followed by a still greater number of the mob.

One of the females undertook to say that Dr.

Graham's lecture had been misrepresented. A gentle-

man rose to reply, and from that moment all was

confusion worse confounded.

Call after call was made for "Graham!" but he of

course did not make his appearance. Now and then

# THE HERALD.

VOLUME II. NO. 312.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1837.

WHOLE NO. 476.

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